The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909.

THE PRESIDENT AND SENATOR ALDRICH.

If the President's Boston address is really to be accepted as sounding the "keynote" of the message he is carrying to the West, the tribute which it includes to Nelson W. Aldrich is certainly to be regretted. The Rhode Island Senator is not entitled to have the President as his transcontinental apologist. Before the Bostonians Mr. Taft recognized and seemed to deplore the fact that Senator Aldrich is "regarded with suspicion by many people, especially in the West." He spoke admiringly of the Senator's expertness in financial matters, praised his "clear-cut ideas and simple but effective style of speaking," referred trustfully to "his earnest desire to aid the people," and expressed confidence in his abilities to solve our monetary difficulties. All of which must be exceedingly gratifying to the Senator from Rhode Island.

It has not been our observation that Senator Aldrich's standing as a financier is in the least conspicuous. But even if it is, the fact would not alter the other and more salient points about his standing and general record. It is impossible to separate the man into his component parts and consider them without reference to each other. Eulogy of Aldrich as his country's destined financial savior is merely eulogy of Aldrich. And the Senator is best known to his countrymen, not as an honored authority on currency, but as a sharp, greedy and unscrupulous prestidigitator in matters of public taxation. Therefore, when the President lauds Aldrich's "desire to aid the people" he leaves the majority of his readers wholly cold and considerably surprised. When he refers to the "deep suspicion" with which many people regard Aldrich, especially in the West, he refers to a hard fact, which rests on a tolerably solid foundation. When he speaks of Aldrich's "clear-cut ideas" these people irresistibly think of the clear-cut Aldrich ideas about honest tariff revision. When he speaks of Aldrich's "simple but effective style of speaking," they inevitably think of his simple but effective management of the disreputable wool and cotton schedules.

At Boston, it must be remembered, the President said practically nothing about the tariff, and to this extent, at least, his speech was no true keynote of what is to follow. We trust, and we believe, that all laudation of Senator Aldrich will be omitted from that long-drawn-out exposition of the tariff which is to be the chief feature of the Western tour. It has lately been reported that the President means to attempt no championship of the Payne-Aldrich law: that, instead, he will explain the difficulties that beset him and the other sincere revisers, will frankly admit that the new law is not all that it should be, and will point out that the people can have another revision whenever they want it. This, we believe, would be the best policy that the President could possibly pursue. Straightforwardness would win where explanation, apology and argument would be greeted with silence. It is never wise to attempt to defend the indefensible. It would be a great mistake for the President to appear as the champion for Nelson W. Aldrich. It would be a serious blunder for him to express any admiration for Aldrich or any approbation of what he stands for. The West has fully made up its mind about the character of Aldrich and Aldrichism, and any effort to convert it would be far worse than merely useless.

THE TEN-CENT REGISTRY FEE.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock announces that, on and after November 1 next, the fee for the registration of mail will be raised from eight to ten cents. Complaint is immediately made that, while it is all right for the department to try to wipe out its large deficit, it should not do it in this particular way. It is argued that economy should be reached, not by raising charges, but by tightening the rein on the franking and second-class privileges, to the abuses of which The Time-Dispatch has frequently called attention.

No doubt Mr. Hitchcock will attend to those reforms, also, in due course. Otherwise, he will miss a glaring and notorious opportunity. But criticism of his decision to raise the registration charge does not seem to be at all well founded. The registry branch of the post-office performs a special and distinctive service, at a heavy additional cost and in partial competition with the express companies. It is wholly optional with the sender of mail matter to use it or not as he prefers. There is no reason at all why the government should perform this service at a loss, as the books of the registry department show that it is doing just now. If reforms in methods can cheapen its cost, the charge for it may properly be reduced in proportion. But until that is proved, it is no duty of all the taxpayers to assist a small class of people to have their mail safeguarded for less than what the extra precautions cost.

Coincident with the 2-cent increase in the rate, the post-office increases its maximum liability for loss from $25 to $50. A 2-cent premium on $25, or a rate of 8 cents a hundred, is a lower rate for insurance than can be had elsewhere. Instead of rebuking the Postmaster-General for his modest increase, let us be thankful that he did not make it far steeper. The law gives him the right to charge 25 cents for registration, and he asks us only a beggarly dime.

THE SLEEPLESS ROOSTERS OF WASHINGTON.

The District of Columbia roosters, we regret to note, continue to practice their native and unpremeditated art, and all Washington is in an uproar. How to abate the two frequent cockcrow is the problem that now fires and cleaves a community by no means unused to stormy debate. The organization meeting of the Poultry Protective Association on Tuesday, a gathering outstripping a D. A. R. convention in strong feeling and seething sentiment, shows how sharply public opinion in the capital is divided. Chanticleer is far from friendless in his hour of tremendous need.

It should be said for the District commissioners that they have realized the ugliness of the situation and have done their best to stem the swelling tide of rebellion. Their ruling that no rooster shall be maintained within twenty-five feet of a dwelling follows well-established precedents as to the placing of saloons, powder factories and the like. Not content with mere copying of the work of others, they further introduced an ingenious local option system, under which any one who desires to maintain a rooster is required to get the consent of his neighbors. It is this ordinance which the Poultry Protectors protest against, denouncing it as "imbecilic and provincial." But we do not see that they have suggested any practical substitute to curb that nocturnal minstrelsy which all alike complain of. They seem, like others we could name if pressed, to be demolishers rather than constructors. A man who proposed the snipping out of all roosters' tongues narrowly shaved a lynching. Somebody has proposed muzzles, but we respect the Protectors too highly to imagine that they would stand for that.

And meantime the music of the tireless he-poultry goes on unabated, making the Washington night hideous. It is quite impossible to sleep there between the hours of midnight and 7 A. M., hours justly popular for sleeping. To the last one of them, the roosters of the national capital are victims of insomnia. Dozing fitfully, they start from broken catnaps with the horrible fear that they have overslept and frantically raise the alarm. Discovering their mistake—it is then 12:45, as a glance at the watch under the pillow proves—they relapse, not sheepishly at all, doze again, wake again, on again, off again; and so through the long and intolerable night. Unlike the Bourbons, these Washington birds learn nothing and forget nothing. Their pernicious activities have fixed upon them the eye of the nation, and we find the learned Evening Post of New York citing Herbert Spencer on the torturing dilemma. Spencer, it seems, who was always discovering things, found out that no rooster could crow without raising its tail, and he attached a heavy weight to all rooster-tails in his neighborhood and thus slept the night serenely through. But of course the vigorous, we may almost say the herculean, roosters of Washington would not tamely submit to such indignities. They would whisk the weights over the fence in the wink of an eye; and so to the night's work. The problem, as it happens, is a little too deep for Spencer. At the risk of wounding our friends of the Protective Association, we must confess that we see no solution short of another St. Bartholomew's Massacre.

AS TO THE CENTRAL BANK.

The financial policy of the Republicans seems to involve an experiment which past experience has proved hazardous. President Taft's opening speech confirms the hints dropped by other leaders that the proposed monetary reform will include a central bank of issue. Everybody agrees that reform in our monetary system is needed. Nearly everybody who is familiar with financial history will agree that the central bank has been a success in other countries. But history shows that in America the establishment and subsequent overthrow of such a bank has been accomplished by financial upheavals of the most serious sort.

Hamilton's famous report of 1790 contained a proposal for a central bank, and this recommendation was promptly adopted by Congress. The government held $8,000,000 of the $10,000,000 capital stock of the Bank of the United States, and used the bank as its financial agent. Opposition to this policy led to a refusal by Congress to recharter the bank in 1811. Nothing was substituted for the old institution, and inevitably financial chaos resulted. Five years later, to relieve the situation, the bank secured a new charter and resumed operations in Philadelphia. Again there was financial distress. State banks were forced to close their doors, and their bank-notes depreciated. Jackson's well-remembered opposition to the bank led to a third period of financial unrest, when he withdrew the government deposits and practically forced the bank into insolvency. Before the independent treasury plan was adopted, the disastrous and dismal panic of 1837 had fully revealed the folly of the President's course.

Of course, this experience of the government proves nothing as to the fundamental value of a central bank of issue. But it does prove that the control and management of such a bank have always been questions involving much financial uncertainty. Certainly the national banks will feel some concern until the full details of the plan are known. It may be that the the bank, if organized, will follow the general plan of the Bank of England, and will merely stand as a clearing house for the notes of the local banks, with rights of limited emergency issue. It may be that the Bank of France will be the model, and that the exclusive right of commercial and emergency issue will be accorded to the new bank. In either case, there are serious risks involved before the necessary readjustment of our banking system can be accomplished.

Twenty-seven hundred feet of the new flume have been finished and successfully tested, and 600 more feet have been finished, but not yet tested. Thus more than two-thirds of this new conduit is now practically ready for use, and the work is being pushed forward with gratifying steadiness. But the ointment of clear-water hopes seem to be forever doomed to contain a fly. Fear is now expressed that the settling basin, where sombody's little oversight has necessitated extensive repairs, will not be ready by the time the flume is done. Appropriations for these repairs and for further needed equipment have, in fact, not yet been made. Is it written in the books that we shall yet see the finished and perfect flume standing idle for months, while awaiting the final completion of the basin? Past experience inspires a horrible pessimism here. Shall we see the new flume, in its turn, dry and buckle for want of use, so that, when the basin is once more finished, the flume must go again to the repair-shop? And will the basin take advantage of the opportunity to buckle again; and so on through a grisly and ghastly infinity?

The Italians of New York declare that their man Verrazzano found the Hudson River long before Henry Hudson was there. Tread softly when passing these fellows and remove all creaking shoes.

A member of the Superior Council of Navigation of France expresses the opinion that neither Cook nor Peary found the pole. Maybe it was Wellman after all, then.

Judge Lovett's biography does not contradict the growing belief that it pays to be born in a little log-cabin.

In New York City proposed salary increases amount to $17,000,000. Not a single bet seems to have been overlooked, or a trick missed. The officeholders earnestly desire everything that is not nailed down.

King Manuel's engagement will soon be announced. The King made the mistake of his life in not postponing a choice till he had looked over the Old Virginia attractions in that line.

It doesn't pay, we think, to regard it as simply a pole for vaulting ambition.

By grimly holding on to the straw hat for another fortnight, you can assure that new and glossy look to the derby till around November 1.

Mr. Aldrich, perusing that presidential speech, will doubtless be surprised to find out what a fine fellow he is.

Curtiss sailed for American yesterday, but chose a steamer to do it in.

They may name a nickel cigar after Peary, but we are confident that Cook's name will be reserved for a stove.

There are trips and trips. Which sort is the President going to make in attempting to explain the tariff to the West?

"Halley's comet has been sighted, it is claimed," says the Washington Herald. But maybe it's only a tail.

A Cleveland scientist says that Cook's calculations show a little error of 316 miles. Now for a Cincinnati scientist to prove that Peary erred by at least 632 miles.

Mars is nearer the earth this month than it will be again for a long time to come, but we have looked in vain for a flash from the $10,000,000 worth of mirrors.

The plumbing contractor failed to get his connections done in time, and the High School can't open till Monday. If Richmond schoolboys had a vote that contractor would have a cinch on any elective office in the city.

Nothing doing for Halley's comet. Another discovery in the present state of public feeling would mean civil war.

THE LAST OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Death of Garrison Leaves Few Leaders of the Anti-Slavery Movement.

The death of the younger William Lloyd Garrison, closely following that of Henry B. Blackwell, calls attention once more to the rate at which the ranks of the old-time Abolitionists are being depleted. Two veterans of the front rank only remain in Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who led in battle one of the earliest regiments of colored soldiers for the Union, and Julia Ward Howe, whose "Battle Hymn of the Republic" heartened many a footsore command upon the march.

Moncure D. Conway, the young stormy petrel of war times, died in 1907. The same year passed away Wendell Phillips Garrison, Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Galusha A. Grow, who entered Congress as a Free-Soiler in 1851 and finally left it fifty-two years later, and whose history of the wrongs of the Seminoles will never be forgotten. Whittier, the singer of anti-slavery; Gerrit Smith, the Tappens of New York, Lucy Stone and the elder Garrison had long preceded them. Edward Everett Hale, never an extremist in manner, followed them closely.

After the war the remaining Abolitionists were no longer held together, even as before in warring camps, by the cementing pressure of persecution and mobs, and they lost some of their rancor in widening the scope of their reformatory efforts. Of the sons of Garrison, the best hated of them all, one survives, a publisher and business man. One was a literary editor. The namesake, who has just passed away, divided his attention between a number of movements, such as woman suffrage, free trade, peace, anti-imperialism and the single-tax campaign.—New York World.

Borrowed Jingles.

OMNISCIENT MUENSTERBERG.

I used to think it might be well
To keep my feet from getting wet,
To seek some place in which to dwell
Where I might have no cause to fret;
I fancied that if I could hear
Less noise it might be good for me;
But Hugo Muensterberg, I fear,
Will not be willing to agree.

I once supposed that exercise,
If taken in the open air,
Would serve to make my muscles rise
And keep my disposition fair;
But Muensterberg allows it's wrong
To think we need to move about
In order to be well and strong
And keep our lives from linking out.

From infants' food to stellar rays,
From ladybugs to aeroplanes,
From life in prehistoric days
To lightning rods and weather vanes,
From Roman law to warts and moles,
From night to day, from black to white,
And from our toe nails to our souls
Trust Muensterberg to set us right.

I seldom find a magazine
In which he has no solemn screed
That leaves me somewhat less serene
Than ere I took it up to read.
There's nothing in the universe
On which he has not gravely touched,
And always he appears to curse
What we have long and fondly clutched.

I scarcely dare to breathe or wink,
Because if Muensterberg could know,
He might in his great wisdom think
Such practices were vain and low;
I live in constant fear that he
Whose wisdom seems to reach so far
Some morning may decide that we
Have no right to be what we are.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

MERELY JOKING.

A Model Diary.

"Is your son doing anything during vacation?"

"Yes. He's making money hand over fist selling a new fangled diary."

"I shouldn't think there would be much money in that."

"Every woman buys one. It has one page a day for what you do yourself and ten pages for what your neighbors do."—Puck.

And They Must Kick.

"Every voter in this township goes to the polls."

"How do you accomplish that?"

"We enforce a rule that no voter who doesn't vote be allowed to do any kicking."—Pittsburg Post.

Fully Equipped.

"I'm introducing a brand-new invention—a combined talking machine, carpet-sweeper and a letter-opener," said the agent, stepping briskly into an office.

"Get one already," answered the proprietor. "I'm married!"—The Bohemian.

In the Next Generation.

"Ain't no simplicity these days."

"I s'pose it was different when you were a boy, grandpa?"

"It was. When President Blank rode to the Capitol in 1921 to be inaugurated he cranked his own automobile."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In Baseball Parlance.

Reggie: "I see you're still among the admirers of the popular Miss Peachley. How are you getting along?"

Algy: "Well, I think I've climbed to the top of the second division in her percentage column."—Chicago Tribune.

There's a Difference.

Church: "Does you wife spend much of her time shopping?"

Gotham: "She says not. She says she spends most of her time waiting for her change."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE OBSERVANT PARAGRAPHERS.

HALLEY'S comet is behind time. Lagging along till the polar controversy is over, no doubt, so it can get the front page.—Cleveland Leader.

* * *

It remains to be seen whether the judgment of the scientific world will give the discovery of the pole or the digdig first place in the percentage table of human achievement.—Houston Post.

* * *

The new hat for women, it is said, is to be smaller next winter. They are also going to dispense with puffs. Evidently we shall all have to be reintroduced to our lady friends.—Rochester Herald.

* * *

It seems fairly safe to say, however, that we shall certainly finish the Panama Canal before M. Bunau-Varilla gets through talking about it.—Washington Herald.

* * *

The Lancaster News is credited by the Charlotte Observer with this bit of irreverence: "After all, there's no place like Charleston," proudly exclaims the News and Courier. Well, can't the same thing be said of hell?" No, it can't, not while Savannah and Houston are on the map.—Charleston News and Courier.

* * *

The ship "Roosevelt" is vastly different from the man. It is occasionally laid up for repairs.—Atlanta Constitution.

COPYRIGHTING NEWS.

Decision in the Peary Case Has Not Unraveled Legal Tangle.

A judge has decided against the New York Times in its effort to keep Peary's matter to itself and the subscribers to its syndicate. The decision, however, was based on the fact that the Times had printed the matter in pamphlet and that its contract with Peary did not give it this particular right. The broader question of news copyright is not touched. The pity is that there is absolutely no ruling by a higher court that will fully determine this question of copyrighting news. What would be public policy? The point is made that it would be against public policy to give any single agency the sole privilege of publication of a world event.

In Peary's case this is not a strong point. He gave the news of his discovery to the world. All the papers printed it. All the essential facts were spread broadcast. The story over which the present pother is made is simply a continued narrative, printed in instalments, at the end of which the reader finds the tantalizing information that there will be more next day. Moreover, we find that it is the surface narrative only, and that the solid stuff and the thrills are retained for the book and the platform lectures.

Peary is an artist, and it is wonderful the by-products he gets out of a journey, but so far he has not helped in the solution of news copyright.—Baltimore Star.

A GERMAN AERIAL RAILWAY.

A Speed of 125 Miles an Hour Expected From New Plan.

To combine the advantages of a dirigible balloon with those of the electric railway is the task upon which German engineers are now engaged. A company is about to construct a so-called aerial line from Marburg to Frauenberg. It is estimated that the road will cost at least $27,000 a mile. But a speed of 125 miles an hour will, it is hoped, be attained.

Cars supported by the buoyancy of a balloon and motive power transmitted by an electric cable—the latter the only electric railway feature retained—briefly represent the proposed plan. The supporting balloon is cylindrical, of semi-rigid construction, 200 feet long and 33 feet wide. It rests lightly against cables on either side, and has attached to its frame work channeled wheels by means of which contact is maintained, the cables being supported by towers. The passenger car is attached below.

Consul Thomas, of Chemnitz, has filed with the United States Bureau of Manufactures an interesting report on the subject, together with illustrations accessible to the public.

In case the German experiment proves successful, another revolution in transportation may be expected.—Boston Globe.

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenoy.

Death of Father Du Lac.

FATHER DU LAC DE FUGERES, whose obsequies at Paris were attended by all the leaders of the old noblesse of France, of which for near half a century he has been regarded as the chief spiritual adviser, was, contrary to the popular impression, of extremely bourgeois birth, and although some of his nephews and nieces have put forward pretensions to patrician ancestry, he himself, in his book entitled "The Jesuits," which may be regarded as his defense of the famous order to which he belonged against the charges so freely circulated against it, admits in the preface that his father, a councilor of the Cour des Comptes, was "a type of the bourgeois of the reign of King Louis Philippe, and an ardent national guardsman." Moreover, he declares that his father was a free-thinker, although his mother and her sister, who lived in the family, were perfect saints.

If I refer here to the death of Father Du Lac, it is because there are few men, and certainly no ecclesiastics, who have played a more notable role in French life during the last thirty or forty years than this wonderfully able Jesuit, who was for long the provincial, or chief, of his order in France. For a time he was the head of the great Jesuit college of the Rue des Postes, where most of the now adult members of the French aristocracy received their education, and it was as such that the French Academician and novelist, Marcel Prevost, portrayed him, under the transparent pseudonym of "le Pere de l'Etang," in his novel, "The Scorpion"; for if "lac" stands for "lake," "etang" is the French for "pond."

It was at the college of the Rue des Postes that Father Du Lac originated that system of Catholic clubs of which his close friend, the Comte de Mun, became the active leader, and which have contributed more than anything else to reconcile the peasantry, and even the laboring classes, to the aristocracy and to bring them within the influence of the church. Indeed, these Catholic clubs, which are now to be found all over France, have developed into a political power of no small importance, and furnished the principal opposition to the anti-ecclesiastical legislation of the last twenty years—an opposition which, while it has not succeeded in defeating the measures, has compelled the government to modify and temper them.

Father Du Lac was also regarded as the real leader of the Nationalist party in France, exercised a powerful role in connection with the Royalists, and came somewhat prominently into the public eye at the time of the Dreyfus controversy. Indeed, he was denounced by many as the real director of the anti-Dreyfus movement. But this was not the case. It is doubtful whether he entertained any real prejudice against the prisoner of Devils Island. His interest in the matter was attributable to the fact that he was the father confessor and spiritual adviser of General de Boisdeffre, of Colonel the Marquis du Paty de Clam, and of several other generals and officers of good birth who were mixed up in the matter. When the tables were turned against the enemies of Dreyfus, Father Du Lac went so far as to intercede for General de Boisdeffre and his colleagues, and with this purpose in view, mst Joseph Reinach, the chief of the champions of Dreyfus, at a dejeuner in June, 1899, given by Mme. Gonzales Dreyfus, wife of the Guano King, and who was no relation whatsoever of Major Dreyfus, nor even one of his co-religionists, but a devout Catholic, and one of the penitents of Father Du Lac. On rising from the table a conversation extending over four hours took place between Reinach and the priest, to which the former has on several occasions since alluded to in print.

Father Du Lac was a thorough man of the world, and made it his business to keep on terms of social intercourse even with his foes. Thus he used frequently to visit the house of Waldeck-Rousseau, despite the fact that the latter was as Prime Minister one of the chief authors of the legislation against the religious orders and the church; and while there is no truth in the story that he was the confessor of that statesman himself, there is no doubt that he officiated in that capacity to Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau. Another friend from whom he differed in political and religious matters was Senator Hebrard, the owner and director of the Temps, which may be regarded as the Parisian counterpart of the London Times. In fact, Father Du Lac, who, besides being a most gifted priest and teacher, was a brilliant man of the world, with the most fascinating manners and conversation. He went everywhere and knew everybody, brought about innumerable marriage, and was, as I have mentioned above, the spiritual adviser and the father confessor of half the old aristocracy, most of the men of which had been in their youth his pupils. Thanks to this, he exercised an extraordinary influence in Royalist, Nationalist and clerical circles, and may be said to have had a finger in every pie in France, no matter whether political or social, during the last three or four decades. How broad-minded, and in this respect thoroughly Jesuit, he was may be gathered from the fact that he quarreled with Drumont owing to the latter's refusal to accede to his demands to radically modify, if not eliminate altogether, the extravagant charges against the Rothschilds contained in "La France Juive."

There was a time, indeed, when the public credited Father Du Lac with an even still greater power than that which he possessed, and portrayed him in their minds as a counterpart of Eugene Sue's, "Father Rodin" in the "Wandering Jew." But there is no doubt that he was extremely influential, the more so that he had at his back that wonderful Jesuit order, which differs from other religious fraternities in that, whereas the latter invariably attack the enemy from without the walls, the Society of Jesus, on the contrary, commences operations from within the walls; also the Jesuits, instead of exhausing their strength by swimming against the stream, usually swim with it, with the object of influencing and directing its course. Certain it is that none of the great Catholic religious orders have done more for progress and science than the Jesuits, to whom the world is indebted for much of its astronomical knowledge, for some of its finest observatories and meteorological stations, in Europe as well as in the Orient, and who possess at their college at Madrid the finest museum of natural history and technological museum that I can ever remember to have seen anywhere.

General Charles Louis Tremeau, who by his investment with the rank of vice-president of the Supreme Council of War becomes the ranking officer and generalissimo of the French army on the retirement of General de Lacroix, is just sixty years of age, and thus has five years of office before the statutory date of his retirement. He is a very tall man, of magnificent physique, with a broad forehead, eagle nose and square, protuberant jaw, cold, steel-colored eyes, heavy eyebrows and short, bristly and aggressive-looking mustache. A cavalry man through and through, he is passionately fond of horses, rides with perfection, and is always superbly mounted, his chargers being great, big horses, in keeping with his own size.

Tremeau has been chosen for his present post over the heads of a number of his seniors in rank, owing to the capacity which he has displayed as a commander, especially in the manoeuvring of large bodies of troops, and when last year, during the grand annual manoeuvres, he handled a body of 70,000 men with as much ease as if they had been a couple of battalions, he aroused the admiration, and likewise the profound interest, of all the foreign officers present, especially those of Germany. He fought through the War of 1870 as a subaltern of dragoons, took part also in the siege of Paris and first came to the fore, as aide-de-camp of General Campenon, when the latter was Minister of War in the cabinet of Gambetta. In 1890 he commanded the great cavalry school of Saumur, and is a cavalryman through and through, added to which his acquaintance with the eastern defenses of France and of the various strategical points along German's western frontier, is acknowledged to be superior to that of every other French officer. According to him, "everything in war depends upon the selection and knowledge of the ground and the disposition of the troops. In fact, the dispositions of the latter diminish the importance of numerical inferiority. It is superiority in manoeuvring which alone enables one to act at the desired moment at the decisive point."

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STATE PRESS

The Test for Good Roads Advocates.

Voters of Washington county are considering a proposition to issue $300,000 of bonds for the purpose of building permanent roads. That is a good deal more to the point than much of the hazy, indefinite talk we have been having in advocacy of good roads. Everybody favors good roads; everybody wants good roads. The question is, are we willing to go down into our pockets to get the money, and when the money is once provided have we an intelligent, practical and equitable plan for applying it?—Harrisburg Times.

Railroads and Civic Beauty.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway is to be congratulated upon its determination to beautify its yards on Brooke Avenue along the approach to its steamer docks. The planting of grass and a hedge about this property will make an attractive spot out of what now is just an ugly railroad yard. Thousands of visitors to Norfolk, as well as the local patrons of the C. and O. and the N. Y., P. and N. roads, pass these yards, that are opposite the splendid Naval Y. M. C. A. building on Boush Street, and heretofore there has been nothing attractive about the view.

This is a good move in the right direction, and is its own commentary upon the city which has just refused to beautify the approach to the ferry wharf to Portsmouth and Berkley. What is desirable to corporations and individuals naturally is just as desirable to the city, and it was a mistake to refuse to improve the ferry approach.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Tucker for Congress.

A day before there came from the capital the rumor that Mr. Stuart, who was a first member of our Corporation Commission, would be up for the nomination for Governor four years hence, and that Harry St. George Tucker would also be a candidate at that time. If the Argus could have its way it would, with the good people of this Congress district, send Mr. Tucker to Congress for two terms of two years each and after that make him Governor of old Virginia. He has made us a good representative in Congress, and with his national reputation as an able business man and statesman he can do yet better for his constituents as a member of Congress.—Augusta Argus.

Fortunes in Apple-Growing.

There is scarcely a county in Virginia that is not adapted to the growth of the apple. Right here in Lunenburg it does well, the fruit being fine in quality and rich in flavor. Our farmer friends would do well to plant more trees and give their orchards more attention. The demand for apples is constantly on the increase, while the supply is gradually diminishing. As a money producer the apple orchard has no superior. Apples always sell high, and there is no danger of a glut on the market. When once planted an orchard requires but little or no cultivation, an occasional pruning and spraying; nature does the balance.—Lunenburg Times.

Voice of the People.

The Cost of Sora Shooting.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please allow me the space in your valued paper to tell the sora sportsmen the cost per tide here at Toano:

Fare from Richmond to Toano and return	1 80
100 shells	2 40
Marsh rent per tide	1 25
Shover, per tide	1 50
Round trip Toano to marsh (buggy)	1 00
Hotel per day or 50c per meal	2 00
	$9 95

I have never been a sportsman go in the marsh with just 100 shells. They generally carry 200 to 300.

Sora shooting comes high, because the owners of the marshes have raised rent; shovers are in demand, and they take advantage of it; shells are higher. So, taking all in all, sora shooting is a luxurious sport. J. G. CARLTON.

Toano, September 13.

In Defense of Dr. Cook.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In to-day's issue of your paper, I notice an editorial on the Cook-Peary squabble, entitled "The Opening Round," in which you seem to think that the doctor has talked too much and said too little.

While admitting it is yet too early to pass definitely on the claims of either Cook or Peary, you must agree with me that the former has suffered undue provocation and, considering the circumstances, he may be excused from maintaining absolute silence. But he has the presence of mind to speak and act as a gentleman. I do not blame him for waiting until a "proper time" to prove his claim.

Do you not remember how he received Peary's first comment, and replied that "There was enough glory at the pole for two"?

It must have been bitter for the naval officer who had spent so many years in polar research to find that his crowning achievement had been antedated by one year.

However full his cup of disappointment, his childlike action in trying to discredit Cook has dimmed the lustre surrounding the success of his expedition, and I am glad you give considerable space to this fact, winding up the paragraph with the statement that "it has put Peary in the wrong at the beginning, and left him, like Cook, with a case on his hands to prove."

I have also noticed with pleasure in recent "news stories" that Mr. Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Arctic Club, and others favorable to the naval officer, are now modifying former statements.

Herbert L. Bridgman admits that Peary's good time in the Far North is strong confirmation of the details of Cook's story, which the former's friends were inclined to scoff at until they received similar information from the commander of the Roosevelt.

As a man of intellect, Cook is superior to Peary. Any one who wants to learn something of the doctor's style should visit the Virginia State Library and ask for Frederick A. Cook's account of his trip to the Antarctic regions. It is quite a large book and well illustrated.

I mention, in conclusion, that this work was published in 1900, so my readers can judge whether his standing in the scientific world rests on a hastily constructed foundation.

GASTON LICHTENSTEIN.

Richmond, September 10.

Quito for Consumptives.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Will you be so kind as to give me the name and address of person who wrote the article in your paper entitled, I think, "A Consumptive's Paradise," telling of a place called Quito, in Ecuador, South America?

MRS. H. O. FORBES.

Meherrin, September 13.

[Will the author of the article referred to kindly send her name and address?—Editor Times-Dispatch.]

NEW YORK TURNED DUTCH.

Fulton-Hudson Celebration Has Given New Fad to Gotham.

If Tammany were to ask us, we would say that New York is going Dutch decidedly. The clamor of the approaching Fulton-Hudson celebration sounds very much like Dutch noise, or the proper pronunciation of Dutch names.

Die Halve Maene, nothing but a tub of a boat, created the very first furor on her arrival. The cheers for the Clermont were half-hearted by comparison, though no hurrahs were missing, it is admitted. But little old New York is no doubt in the grip of the genealogy expert, and all hands were busy finding the yellowed pages wherein their thrice great-grandfathers might have figured. New Amsterdam was a hamlet under the Dutch. When other nations came to conquer they brought light and fast-increasing numbers. New York is no longer Dutch in the slightest favor, but to the immense city of overgrown children a new toy is better than an old one.

It is a matter of congratulation that the Dutch feast has so stimulated them. Display of a grandeur unrivaled will be the snow for the visitor of temerity; for one always overpays the piper in our biggest metropolis. On the other hand, there is great hope for any city when its 4,000,000 residents clap hands and dance like children at a party. If they wish it Dutch, so be it. Let the Hudson River be covered with wooden shoes and great American ships of war at anchor side by side. Let the Half Moon review them for a city's pleasure. Anything but sordidness and soul-dumbness. Let the American turkey be killed for the Dutch dinner, and the appetite of Dutch governors attend. Of near-billionaires' dyspepsia this great wholesome nation of ours has had more than enough.—Florida Times-Union.

A SAINT'S NEW VOTARIES.

Suffragettes Have Adopted Ste. Jeanne as Their Patron.

Jane Darc, of Domremy, persistently called Joan of Arc, appears in a new and strange guise as the patron saint of woman suffrage. It is difficult to adjust the Maid of Orleans to the unaccustomed position. A peasant maid, deeply religious, who never learned to read and write, who after a youth of hard work and few, if any, pleasures, believed herself directed by mysterious voices to assist in the re-establishment of an ancient tyranny, is scarcely the type of the suffragist.

It is not so much that Jeanne knew nothing of the emancipation of women, but the strong probability that she would have discountenanced it if the question had been mooted in her day. She did not believe in emancipation at all. The divine right of anointed kings, the duty of submission to pastors and masters, the righteousness of the cause of the weak Dauphin against the English invaders, were parts of her creed.

Of democratic ideals she never dreamed. Her voices never whispered to her of human equality, and the right of suffrage was quite beyond her comprehension. If she had been emboldened by the angels to fight for the right of women to take part in the administration of public affairs she would have been burned at the stake long before the English captured her.

The selection of Jeanne Darc's name for a suffragists' league is to be accounted for only because she was a woman of historical renown. Above everything else she was a religious zealot, and of her type there is no example among the discontented women of this age. But her name doubtless serves as well as another's. She was a woman, and few of the names of the women emblazoned on the banners of the big suffragettes' parade in London had any relation to the movement. From patient Penelope to Queen Victoria the good women of history and legend have not bothered much about the political rights of their sex.—New York Times.

TOBACCO-USING PREACHERS.

Where They Could Not Smoke, Clerics Would Not Live in "Home."

The closing of a home for disabled clergymen near Philadelphia is ascribed to the prohibition of the use of tobacco by its inmates, in accordance with a stipulation to that effect in the founder's will. In its twenty-one years of existence the institution had admitted only fifteen clergymen, and at its close had but one within its walls.

Whether or not a preference for the solace of a cigar was the main cause in keeping the home tenantless, the conditions imposed are of interest for their bearing on the relation of tobacco to Christian morals. The question is as old as civilization's acquaintance with the great vegetable, as Dr. Holmes called it. Bishops smoke and have smoked for centuries, and there is the historic example of Spurgeon, "smoking a cigar to the glory of God," and defending his course in the columns of a London newspaper.

Priests and ministers of all denominations smoke. The long-stemmed clay "churchwarden" pipes testify by their name to old ecclesiastical sanction of the practice. Smoking is a form of self-indulgence. But is the habit of sufficient moral seriousness to be viewed as a question of conscience with a man of religious vocation, or a matter of taste merely? For decayed clergymen, whose life-work is over, smoking would appear to be as innocuous morally as for mariners in a snug harbor.—New York World.